And Madeline's care had made that sleeping sweet For all day long She pattered to and fro with light, quick feet; And while her broom made nock and corner no She hummed a song

A broken singing, thin and pitiful,
And yet in tune.
With all that makes great lyrics musical,
It stopped the children, harrying out of school,
At night or noon. Now a quaint hymn; now "Jamle on the sea;"
An authem snatch
That sung in far thankrgivings used to be,
In savage days before the land was free;
A glee or catch;

No matter what—the children gathered near For all and each. Pathos of mouning wind through branches sere, Mirth as of waves that break in sunset cl. ar On some lone beach.

To-night she sat in silence. Every night
For year and year.
Here had she cowor d by the late candlelight
Over the worn-out print, and blurred her sight
Reading through tears

To one name, wrilten on the list of "Dead," Her tired eyes grew. Falling in the march, pursaing foes that fled, Somewhere beside the road he lay, they said; His grave none knew.

The tattered newspaper spread out to her A p'cture wide.

Aurang vast alien hills the buttle's stir.

A ceath-bed where none came to minister To bluewho died.

A spot of green beside a mountain road,
By warm winds kiesed,
Where strange large roses opened hearts
glowed,
And over him their blood-rod petals strewed
Whom love had missed. For sweet maid Madeline had never gue sed
Ralph cared for her
Save as a friend; while vainly he sought rest,
Sure that no tender feeling in her breast
For him would stir.

And still his image buried she within, Beneath her thought, indering what happier giri his heart would win, drowned her vexing dreams in work-day din; The war he sought.

And after he had fallen, a comrade came,
And told her how
Upon the buttle-eve he breathed her name.
Then Madeline said: "None else my hand shall
taim." And kept her vow.

With her ne lightest woolng ever sped.
No man might press
A soothing band upon her weary head,
Or whisper comfort to the heart that bled
With loneliness. For Madeline said: "Ralph surely waits for me

Beyond Death's gate; And I might miss him through eternity By joining fates with one less loved than he. I too can wait. "I could not bear another lover's kiss,

Because I feel
That somewhere from the heights of heavenly

His spirit hither yearns, as mine to his, This to her slient heart alone she said, Hushing its moun

Hushing its mean.
That yet into hor merriest singing strayed;
While all declared, "A cheerfuler old maid
Was never known."

Nor ever was there. As her poor song worth And witchery stole From muffled minors, in them had its birth, Out of crushed joy sprang kindliness and mirth; Her life was whole. Whole, though it seemed a fragment, rent spart From its true cuil. Downward from deathless clinging reached her

heart Readier to comfort for its hidden smart To all a friend.

None saw her tears save God and her lost love, Surely that dew fresh in fields above; Kept memory blossoming fresh in fields above; Against death's bars he must have fed the dove That fluttering flew.

So lived she faithful, an unwedded bride. His hand of snow Age laid in blessing on her head. She died. Do Ralph and Madeline now walk side by sid and Macenta.

The angels know.

N. Y. Independent.

Miscellany.

Corious Sleepers.

SLEEP is nearly as great a puzzle as ever it was. Much has been discovered con-cerning the bodily peculiarities manifested during this portion of our existence; but ing to admit that they are only on the threshold of the subject yet. Why, for threshold of the subject yet. Why, for instance, can some men maintain their bodily and mental vigor with so small an unt of sleeps as falls to their share? amount of sleeps as lains to the great Lord Brougham, and many other great statesmen and lawyers, are known to five hours; John Hunter, five hours;

ne did not) sleep twenty hours out of the twenty-four. Quin, the actor, sometimes slept for twenty-four hours at a stretch. Dr. Reid, the metaphysician, could so manage that one potent meal, followed by one long and sound sleep, would last him for two days. Old Parr slept away his latter days almost entirely. In the middle of the last century a young French woman, at Toulouse, had, for half a year, fits of lengthened sleep, varying from three to thirteen days each. About the same time, a girl, at Newcastle on-Tyne, slept four-teen weeks without waking; and the waking process occupied three days to complete. Doctor Blanchet, of Paris, maniform the execute and waking leads with the complete. mentions the case of a lady who slept for twenty days together when she was about about twenty, and had nearly a whole year's sleep from Easter Sunday, 1863, till March, 1863; during this long sleep (which physicians call hysteric coma) she was fed with milk and soup, one of her from teeth being extracted to obtain seing extracted to obtain an opening into "The 27th of April, 1546, being uesdaie in Easter weeke, W. Foxley, otmaker for the Mint in the Tower of ondon, fell asleep, and so continued seping, and could not be waked with ing, cramping, or otherwise, till the day of the next term, which was full ourteen dayes and fifteen nights. The knowne, tho' the same were diligentlie searched for by the king's physicians and other learned men; yea, the king himselfe examined ye said W. Foxley, who was in nd at his waking to be as if

"Not a bit of it. Her only parting prayer to me was not to ride Satanella." "And I suppose you mounted her imme-diately?" I asked, beginning to feel a lit-Another very notable instance was that of Samuel Chilton, of Timebury, recorded in one of the volumes of the "Philosoph-ical Transactions of the Royal Society." same year he had a four months' sleep, from April the 9th to August the 7th; he woke, dressed, went out into the fields (where he worked as a laborer), and found his companions resping the corn which he had helped to sow the day before his long map; it was not till that moment that he had helped to sow the day before his long map; it was not till that moment that he had helped to sow the day before his long map; it was not till that moment that he had helped to sow the day before his long map; it was not till that moment that he had helped to sow the day before his long map; it was not till that moment that he had helped to sow the day before his long map; it was not till that moment that he had helped to sow the day before his long map; it was not till that moment that he had helped to sow the day before his long map; it was not till that moment that he had helped to sow the day before his long map; it was not till that moment that he had helped to sow the day before his long map; it was not till that moment that he had helped to sow the day before his long map; it was not till that moment that he had helped to sow the day before his long map; it was not till that moment that he had helped to sow the day before his long map; it was not till that moment that he had helped to sow the day before his long map; it was not till that moment that he had helped to sow the day before his long map; it was not till that moment that he had helped to sow the day before his long map; it was not till that moment that he had helped to sow the day before his long map; it was not make the had helped to sow the day before his long map; it was not make the had helped to sow the day before his long map; it was not make the had helped to sow the day before his long map; it was not make the was down that he loving tone of approbations which led Pennie irresistibly.

What could I tell her but that I was cried.

"And so I do, dear Charlle," she and swered, with quick carnestness.

"Then leave him to himself. I shall make and the low th

SOUTH-EASTERN INDEPENDEN

VOLUME I.

have prepared a readable copy for me."

with anxious earnestness.

MCCONNELLSVILLE, OHIO, FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1871.

NUMBER 17.

A WISE LITTLE WOMAN. in those days, at home on sick leave three quarters of the time; and Peunic a way-ward, mischievous little girl, attempting all my lessons, but never taking the smallest head of her own; yet we never fancied Scot at all superior to us, because he was himself so thoroughly unconscious of superiority. He did not come to our liouse very much, he worked too hard for this; but his half brother, Walter—a popular boy, who was a proverb of ideness, and who did not work his way into the shell until he was leaving—came so perpelually, that he grew to seem a very part of our home life. He was such a pleasant, winning lad that his very vauity seemed rning studies with Scot were over, and I, Charles Brett, was lying down for my hour's rest before luncheon. Pennie was leaning with folded arms on the back of my sofa, provoking Scot as industriously as she could, while he slowly closed and put away the books she had left in confusion on the table. This room in which we studied was no regular schoolthis; but his had a proverb of ideness, and who did not work his way into the shell until he was leaving—came so perpetually, that he grew to seem a very part of our home life. He was such a pleasant, winning lad that his very vanity seemed a proving lad that his very vanity seemed becausable; his very selfishness, amus a proverb of ideness, and the dying light I could see to Scot raise a sharp, questioning face; and, or reading its agony, I involuntarily laid my a hand on Pennie's lips. Then I laughed nervously at her astonishment.

"Scot is waiting to hear your secret from your own lips," I said, wishing with room, but the pretty morning room, which Pennic-sole mistress and sole daughter in the house-insisted on my appropriating; and opposite where I hay the wall was mir/ored between the two low windows. In this mirror I could see just then a sunny, bright refliction of us all; and the contrast in our three faces struck me tural and irre-isiblt. Pennie noticed none of these qualities in Walter. She saw him from the first a handsome, almost as it had never struck me before. Pennie's came first (one could hardly help noticing Pennie first, in whatever daring protector and patron; a boy-lover, who took it for granted that she loved group one saw her); a small, brilliant, piquant face, with merry, mischievous lips, and laughing, dark-blue eyes, that seemed to know no sorrow and no pain. Yet, though no one else in all the house had seen the gay eyes melt to infinite tenderness, or the arch-curved lips quiver with sympathy, I had, many and many time, as my-little only sister knelt-beside me in my pain. Before this radiant little face lay pain. Before this radiant little face lay my own, upon the bright blue cashious, thin and languid, but a little finshed just now—not from my studies, as Pennie said, but from the many wide thoughts of which she was the center. Then, last of all, before my couch stood Scot Cowen, my tutor, yet scarcely older than I, with his pale, grave, thoughtful face, and slight, nervous figure. He was looking across me into Pennie's eyes, and telling her, in the clear, carnest voice which I had learned so utterly to love and lean upon, that if she wanted her translation to be corrected she must re-write it legibly for him.

"I shall have to write it out legibly

ruth in Mrs. Cowen's indifferent opinion,
"Oh, Scot is sure to get on, penniless as he is," as she was in the proud addition,
"Dear Walter would never have done to be poor." I don't think Mrs. Cowen discussed in the proud addition, be poor." I don't think Mrs. Cowen discussed in the proud addition, be poor." I don't think Mrs. Cowen discussed in the proud addition, be poor." I don't think Mrs. Cowen discussed in the proud addition, be poor." I don't think Mrs. Cowen discussed in the proud addition, be poor." I don't think Mrs. Cowen discussed in the proud addition, be poor." I don't think Mrs. Cowen discussed in the proud addition, be poor." I don't think Mrs. Cowen discussed in the proud addition, be poor." I don't think Mrs. Cowen discussed in the proud addition, in the proud addition, be poor." I don't think Mrs. Cowen discussed in the proud addition, in the proud addition, be poor." I don't think Mrs. Cowen discussed in the proud addition, in the proud addition, be poor." I don't think Mrs. Cowen discussed in the proud addition, in the p "I shall have to write it out legibly after you have corrected it," she said. "Strely that is enough labor to bestow on different about him, and neglectful of him. Her heart was so entirely filled by Walter, that she really had no room for any one else; not even for Pennie, though I do believe she tried to love her because Walter loved her.

When Scot lett Oxford, where, with his sales and of the standard petulant was a sake of leading that the course to her old petulant defance immediately.

"Scot is hard, and stern, and could to me, as usual," she stammered hotly. "Jut because I made a few mistakes in a paltry translation."

When Scot lett Oxford, where, with his standard real real rate of celar rate; and he went on when that whole week went by and still when that whole week went by and still defance immediately.

"Pennie, I want to speak to you. Come distressing to me than passionate grief or any of the course, her silence grew more of any of the course, her silence grew more of any of the course, her silence grew more of any of the course o the tamest bit of all the book."

"I cannot read it as it is," began Scot, but corrected himself, "at least, I will not. To morrow, Miss Brett, you will, I think,

Her eyes fisshed upon him as he went quietly on with his work.
"Is Charlie's written carefully?" she talents, and £50 a year, he had won himself glorious honors, he became my tutor
for a time, and lived with us entirely. All
my life I shall be glad and grateful for
this, for he has taught me as no one else
could have done my totalise. One for Pennie, which he had taken
is and each me what to do."
with cold, tight lips, then three across to
me; and one for Scot, which he had taken
white and proud.

"If I can be hard and stern and cold to
you, child, then let me be so, child, in pity;
for under it all my heart burns with a wild,
wrote, that it would be ridiculous to sup"Scot was standing against the table close for Pennie, which he had taken
me; and one for Scot, which he had taken
The old lady was so fidgety. Walter
upon her in astonishment.
"Scot was standing against the tone; and coach me what to do."

She paused for a few moments. Walter,
leaning against the table, looked down
upon her in astonishment.

"Scot was standing against the table to ne; and coach me what to do."

She paused for a few moments. Walter,
leaning against the table to ne; and coach me what to do."

She paused for a few moments. Walter,
leaning against the table to ne; and coach me what to do."

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leaning against the table to ne; and coach me what to do."

She paused for a few moments. Walter,
leaning against the table to ne; and coach me what to do."

She paused for a few moments. Walter,
leaning against the table to ne; and coach me what to do."

She paused for a few moments. Walter,
leaning against the table to ne; and coach me what to do." "Yes. He gives me very little trouble "I es. He gives me very little trouble that way, you know."

"I know," she replied, touching my hand softly, "and I give you a good deal. But let me assure you that you give me infinitely more, Scot. If it were not that you are oddly gifted with the power of bringing dead and buried facts (chiefly fictions) into the modern supplies for my this, for he has taught me as no one else could have done; making my studies healthful and pleasant to me, and rousing healthful and pleasant to me, and rousing me cheerily from the languid, idle life, which, in my weakness and inactivity, in the great work to test that of the orange lakes to tell him so ones to take its place.

There walls have lead that I have made a great, great mistake in thinking that I love your brother more tions) into the modern sunshine, for my mall brain to grasp, I would not come and try to learn from you at all. So stiff you are, and stern and exacting. Scot's lips, at that moment, were stern

"Then don't come in any more, Pennie," said I, laughing a little, though I spoke anow, Charfie," she answered, stooping impetuously to kiss me—a little act of hers which always thrilled me with pain when she did it in this room, while Scot was with us.

"If you had been anxious for instruction, you would have stayed at school, I should think, Pennie," I laughed.

"Oh, ladies cannot teach," she said, in her pretty and thoroughly laughable little. her pretty and thoroughly laughable little assumption of dictatorship, "no lady ever ure could not grasp; entering into Scot's opinions, and reading rapidly his own halftaught me anything."
Scot laughed quietly. "No one can teach," he said, "unless the pupil will reformed thoughts. Turning round and laughing at his pedantry; flashing scorn-ful, provoking words and glances at him; spect their teaching. I cannot teach you then daintily and proudly, in his very for that reason."

for that reason."

"Why, Scot," said Pennie, raising her eyebrows, and pursing up her small, red lips, "I respect you intensely. I always feel a kind of awe overshadowing me when you are near me. I would hardly dare to venture into your presence, only I must be as clever as Charlie, so I must be taught by Charlie's trate." love she gave his brother.

All these things I was thinking over, as I had thought them over many and many a lonely time before, when the luncheon bell rang, and Pennie danced in, that Walter might give me an arm.
"I knew Scot was cut, because I saw

five hours; John Hunter, five hours; General Elliot, the hero of Gibraltar, four hours; while Wellington, during the Penlasular War, had still less.

How, on the other hand, to account for the cormorant sleepers? Do Moivre, the mathe matician, could (though it is to be hoped he did not) sleep them to hoped.

"I knew Scot was cut, because I saw him plodding up Easter Hill," she said. "What has he gone home for?"

I told her I did not know, and she looked across at Walter rather puzzled. Then she laughed.

"I know, Walter. He is afraid-your mother may be frightened about Satanella." teach you that is all I ask. When lessons are over, I claim no further authority."

"Of course not," laughed Pennie, "and your claim is small. From ten to one you require authority unlimited, and I think it is ten to one you will have it."

"Then I shall decline to give you another lesson at all," rejoined Scot, quite in other lesson at all," rejoined Scot, quite in segment though he laughed a little.

"I hope he has ridden Satanella himself," I said. "Not walked all that dusty we hill read."

"Then I shall decline to give you are of the season at all," rejoined Soot, quite in carnest, though he haspined a little.

"All right, Soot, only you see I have generally only the season at all," rejoined Soot, quite in carnest, though he haspined a little.

"All right, Soot, only you see I have generally only the season at all," rejoined Soot, quite in carnest, though he haspined a little.

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"All right, Soot, only you see I have generally only the season at all," rejoined Soot, quite in carnest, though he haspined a little.

"All right, Soot, only you see I have generally only the would write again, at an advays don't enforce it.

"Not he was walking," answered Pennic and always don't enforce it.

"Not walked all that dusty up hill road."

"Not would be likely to do."

"Poor Soot, indeed!" echoed Walter.

"Not walk is face change. While the sort of thing poor show were still busy, a patient, facel' on the serve sell all stances without turning who had opened the door behind me. Walter Cowen, all ujust as Pennic had declared her dermitation to drive me instead or right of the would not wait on the poor should be likely to do."

"Poor Soot, indeed!" echoed Walter, we will have a large the sort of thing poor show were still busy, a patient, facel' show the seem and the sort of thing poor show were still busy, a patient, facel' should not a like the sort of thing poor show were still busy, a patient, facel' should not wait for it, he would not wai We spoke very little to each other—we were real friends enough to be silent to gether when we would, and I remember feeling oddly relieved when Scot drew the pony up again before the door, and I saw Walter lounging there with his cigar.

"Charlie, Charlie," whispered Pennie,
"You ought never to come in to study with us," I said, hotly. "You should learn nothing all your life rather than learn from him now."

"Butthere is no one clse to learn from," she pouted. "So I must."

"Then I wish to heaven he would care

And I suppose you mounted her immediately?" I asked, beginning to feel a little tired, and wishing they would go.

"No, for I was in the saddle when she spoke. You will ride with me this afternoon, won't you, Pennia?"

And Pennie, who loved these rides with Walter more than anything else through all her day, blushed gladly as she nodded her Yes.

"Come now for a stroll in the garden."

"Charlie, Charlie," whispered Pennie, coming in to me as I rested, and putting her arms round my neck and her eyes close to mine; "some day I am going to — marry Walter. Are you glad? My date, dear brother, are you glad? My date, dear brother, are you glad for me, and glad for walter, and glad for yours and I tell her but that I was could I tell her but that I was cried.

had had I fancy it would have been just the same. I was a young fourth-form boy ing over mine a face on which still linger-in those days, at home on sick leave three quarters of the time; and Pennic a way-and received a few minutes before.

| him so dearly, was not worthy to win any other love. |
| was a young fourth-form boy ing over mine a face on which still linger-in those days, at home on sick leave three quarters of the time; and Pennic a way-and received a few minutes before.

And then he sat down calmly in his we sat alone there in the twilight. We sat alone there in the twilight. "Oh, Scot," she begah, with shy hesitation, "I did not see you, else I would have told you. At least I think so if—if Walter hash."

And then he sat down calmly in his place, and we read together, while Pennie stood silent, leaning against the window from not ours. I am going myself when I have spoken to you and Walter."

"Please don't go away. This is your room, not ours. I am going myself when I have spoken to you and Walter."

"Pennie, are you angry, darling?" whisher the said."

pale in the fickle March sunshine; and the young voice was bright only by a great effort!

effort!
"Which, I suppose, is a very soothing reflection for you," I said, smiling. "As you love Walter so much better than your-"Yes; but I was thinking of some one else, too. May we drive on to see Mrs. Cowen? She said this parting would

"Never mind to-day, Pennie. Scot is there. He is best to be with her now-best to be with her always, if she did but

at cheese, but went off to alee pagin before and cheese, but went off to alee pagin before it could be a happy fellow, and I whould miss be sorely. The could be a happy fellow, and I whould miss be sorely. The could be a happy fellow, and I whould miss be sorely. The could be a happy fellow, and I whould miss be sorely. The could be a happy fellow, and I whould miss be sorely. The could be a happy fellow, and I whould miss be sorely. The could be a happy fellow, and I whould miss be sorely. The could be a happy fellow, and I whould miss be sorely. The could be a happy fellow, and I whould miss be sorely. The could be a happy fellow, and I whould miss be sorely. The could be a happy fellow, and I whould miss be sorely. The could be a happy fellow, and I wholl miss be sorely that the sore is a sort of the could be a happy fellow, and I whould miss be sorely. The could be a happy fellow, and I whould miss be sorely. The could be a happy fellow, and I whould miss be sorely. The could be a happy fellow, and I wholl miss be sorely. The could be a happy fellow, and I wholl miss and the wheel whould also and the wheel whould also the wheel would also the wheel would also the wheel would not be seen from the fellow of this. One off did she we will be sort of the wheel whee

Pennic, her eyes fixed upon his face.

who took it for granted that she loved him, and won her heart for doing so. And now that Walter was a tall, handsome fellow of three and twenty, and Pennie, and won her heart for doing so. And now that Walter was a tall, handsome fellow of three and twenty, and Pennie, in the cannot have told anyone."

"You have kept Walter so entirely to yourself, little hady." I put in, hurriedly, antheritative humors, was nearly eighteen, his love is just the love it had been from the first—unharassed by any doubt; the disturbed by any quarrel; untouched by any quarrel; untouched by any passion; fresh and gay, and glad, do spite the deep and troubled shadow which it cast upon the lonely path that it forever crossed.

Walter's widowed mother lived about two miles from us, at Easter Hill, and had a very comfortable property of hier own, which, of course, Walter would inherit Poor Scot, her step-son, has £50 a year of his own; but he had wealth enough in his deep, clear head; and there was as much truth in Mrs. Cowers, which, of course, Walter would inherit Poor Scot, her step-son, has £50 a year of his own; but he had wealth enough in his deep, clear head; and there was as much truth in Mrs. Cowers's indifferent opinion, "Oh, Scot is sure to get on, penniless as he is if as a she was in the proud addition."

"Hemant have the walter so con, on this pleasant excursion to be in body or sory for his pleasant excursion to be in heart. Walter so soon as our studies were over, Scot went home, and in the ware over, Scot went home, and in the diternoon Pennie drove me to Easter Hill, and the cannot have told anyone."

"He—and I," said Pennie, in slow, hap were over, Scot went home, and in the diternoon Pennie drove me to Easter Hill, and love to see Walter."

"Yes," said Scot, quietly.

She pansed a minute, waiting for him the say more, then tossed back ner bright in cast upon the lonely path that it forever two miles from the training for him hims to wait the live day of the first mother. She never stopped very long, there is an objec

"If I can be hard and stern and cold to you, child, then let me be so, child, in pity; for under it all my heart burns with a wild, strong love, which I cannot always govern. Let me burn it out if I can, whatever, that it would be ridiculous to suppose that she really meant him to come home from such a distance, and have the loved your brother more in the strong loved when her loved your brother more in the strong loved when her loved your brother more in the strong loved your brother more in the strong loved your brother more in the strong loved when her

but she would only refuse me with a quick "No," and leave me suddenly, coming back presently to throw her arms around me and sob that she was a wretched, un-grateful girl, and did not deserve to be oved by me or-Walter. And as this wearying time went on, she went about the house with small, tight lips, and rest-

when she saw it.

less hands, and grew always harder and

"O, Scot, forgive me for it all!"

Youths' Department.

THE MILLERS OF LABORTOWN BY REV. T. NISLD. Tream lived three millers in Labortown,
Each owning a big stone mill
On a stream where the waters tumbled down
From the rapids beneath the hill,
With a roar beneath the hill.

First, Simon Coon was an easy soul, And nothing disturbed old Coon; And often he watched the big wheel roll, And he smooked his pipe fill noon; And that was his work till noon. At noon he complained it was so hot, And half dozed the hours away; Then at night was sai to think of what He might have done that day. Each beautiful summer's day. that she only seemed to have moved her

Next, Moses Jay was a restless man; Of a fortune dreamt old Jay. And every morning he had a plan For a grist of gold that day, That he meant to grind that day.

Great things he was just about to do.

Whom the null was wre-ked on his hands,
And his life-grist only amounted to
A suckini of worthless plans,
Though gold was in all his plans. Then Jacob Spry was a thrifty man,
And a bright life had old Spry;
He planned his work, and he worked each plan,
And had rom a very boy,
For a man was in the boy.

His days went on like the water-wheel, So busy, and steady, and true. And never a day was allowed to steal

Away without something to do, And that he would always do. Who knows the millers of Labortown?
Who do you think they could be?
Just lend us an ear and sit right down,
And we'll tell of all the three,
Until you know all the three.

The boy who will waste life's golden day, Its morning and then its noon,

Who, when he should study or work, will play,
Is a little old Simon Coon—
A thrittless and worthless Coon.

But he who is up with the rising sun,
And, before the day goes by,
Has his grist of study or work well done,
is a thrifty old Jacob Spry.
A steady and true old spry.

The world has no use for an idle Coon,
Nor yet for a Jay of a boy,
But in its heart there are warmth and room
For every industrious Spry,
And its blessing will fall on Spry.

-Children's Hour.

Let Well Enough Alone.

ter was securing his own pleasure cease-lessly, and failing in this one chief duty?" cidedly against you.-Elm Orlow.

"Not one," she repeated, the little hand tight on his chair, but her face never turned to Scot. "Not one. Did any re-membrance of this pain weaken his hand, or chill his heart? Did it, Charmembrance of this pain weaken his hand, or chill his heart? Did it, Charlie?"

"Never," I said again, looking for a moment into Walter's vexed and moody face.

"Never," she repeated. "Did any one thought of himself make him shrink from his duty to you, Charlie, because I made it better to him? or from his duty to his mother, because she blamed him always that he rown idolized son had left her to die alone?"

"Not one"

"Walter, the love of such a heart is a prize to be grateful for through all years; and through all years I will be grateful that once this prize was mine. Scot, you have taught me all the little.

"Not for Joe!"

"Not for Joe!"

"Not or this pain weaken his hand, or chill his pain weaken his hand, or chill his heart? Did it, Charlie, Prancisco Joe which they are several hospitals fitted up, in order that those about to die may be removed there until they have paid the debt of nature, after which they are buried with all the ceremonies of the disciples of Confucius.—San Francisco Bulletia.

Ink Lings by Josh Billings.

The most valauble thing in this world iz Time, and yet people waste it as they do water, most of them letting it run full head, and even the most prudent let it drizzle.

The devil himself, with all his genius, and through all years I will be grateful that once this prize was mine. Scot, dear Scot, you have taught me all the little. Girls, don't talk slang! If it is neces-

that once this prize was mine. Scot, dear Scot, you have taught me all the little that I know; teach me what to do now that my heart is hungering wearily for such a love as that from which I turned away not long ago."

Not for Joe!"

Now, young ladies of unexceptionable character and really good education, fall into this habit, thinking it shows smartness, to snswer back in slamp phrases; and they come allow flower that the power of truth and morality.

If a dog falls in love with you at first sight, it will do to trust him—not so with a man.

One of the hardest things to do is to be a good listner. Those who are stone that the power of truth and morality.

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One of the hardest things to do is to be a good listner. Those who are stone that the power of truth and morality. such a love as that from which I turned away not long ago."

Not a word did Scot answer, while his face was hidden in his hands.

"I am waiting for your answer, Scot."

The hand that had been on his chair loosened its hold; the little standing figure slipped down and kneeled upon the floor beside him; and both hands were laid upon the tremulous white flogers pressed so tightly in his hair.

"Look, Scot, how I am waiting for your answer," she breathed. "I have never been obedient to you before, much as you have taught me; but I am waiting to obey you now."

The hand that had been on his chair may be well enough among men who are trading horses or land; but the contrast is startling and positively shocking when a young man is holding the hand of his lady-love to hear those words issue from her lips. They seem at once to surround her with the rougher associations of his daily life, and bring her down from the pedestal of her purity, whereon he had placed her, to his own coarse level.

I know the bright-eyed girl who reads this, will think the matter over, and do this in a crowd, and never so much alone as when he is in a crowd, and never so much

What a face it was that her gentle touch uncovered! I could hardly bear to look upon it in its wondering, bewildered joy; for it told so plainly of the anguish that had been lived through. Pennic's low cry burst involuntarily from her shaking lips when she saw it.

I know the bright-eyed girl who reads this, will think the matter over, and do what is right, and discard slang and unladylike phrases.—*Exchange*.

Keep Away from the Wheels.

Little Charles Williams lived near when she saw it.

"O, Scot, forgive me for it all!"

With the angry scarlet burning in his face, Walter left the room. I have not seen him since. He writes to me occasionally—short, gay, selfish letters; but month after month he delays his coming home, and the house at Easter Hill remains without its master. For some time and the wind of the wheels would almost make the first the wheels. The soul has more diseases than the body haz.

Little Charles Williams lived near a manufactory, and he was very fond of going among the workmen and the young kill a man so quick as praize that he don't deserve.

Repentanse should be the effect to vive —not fear.

The soul has more diseases than the body haz.

Taings that we kant do wouldn't be owned to the wind of the wheels would almost a praize that we will all the wind of the wheels would almost a praize that we will all the wind of the wheels would almost a praize that we will all the wind of the wind of the wheels would almost a praize that will all the will all th

GRANDMAMMA is so old, she has so many wrinkles, and her hair is quite white; but her eyes shine like two stars. Yes, they are much more beautiful; they are so mild, so blessed to look into. And she can tell the most delightful stories, and she has a dress of thick silk that rustles; it is covered with large flowers.

Grandmamma knows so much, for she lived long her re mana and mamma, that

The Grandmother.

Grandmamma knows so much, for she lived long ter re papa and mamma, that is certain. Grandmamma has a psalmbook, with thick silver clasps, and she reads in it often; in it there lies a rose; it is quite pressed and dry; it is not so fine as the roses she has in the vase, and yet she always smiles most kindly at it; there even comes tears in her eyes. How can it be that grandmamma looks always so fondly upon the withered rose in the old book? Do you know? Each time that grandmams's tears fall upon the flower, its color mama's tears fall upon the flower, its color revives, it freshens again, and the whole room is filled with the scent of it; the walls disappear as though they were only fog, and all around is the green, beautiful wood, with the sun shining through the leaves, and grandmamma—yes, she is quite young! She is a beautiful grl with golden locks and blooming cheeks, engaging and lovely; no rose is more fresh; yet the eyes, the mild, blessed eyes, they are still grandmamma's. By her side is sested a youth—so young, bandeams and strong! youth—so young, handsome and strong! He offers her the rose, and she smiles—but hie offers her the rose, and she smiles—but not thus smiles grandmamma! Yes!—the smile comes. He is gone; many thoughts and many forms pass by; the handaome youth is gone, the rose lies in the psalm book, and grandmamma—yes, there she sits again, as an old lady; gazing at the withered rose that lies in the book.

withered rose that lies in the book.

Now grandmamms is dead. She sat in
the easy chair, and told a long, long, delightful story. "And now it is over," she
said, "and I am quite weary; let me sleep
a little." Then she lay back, draw a heavy
sigh, and slept; but it became more and
more still, and her face was so full of peace

and joy, it was as if the sun shone upon it; then they said she was dead.

She was laid in a black coffin enshrouded in pure white linen; she looked so beautiful, and yet her eyes were closed. But all the wrinkles were gone; a sweet smile played on her mouth; her hair was a slive while. so silver while, so honorable, no one could be afraid to look at her; it was still the same kind, benign grandmamma. And the psalm-book was laid under her head, the psalm-book was laid under her head, as she herself had desired, and the rose lay in the old book and so they buried her. On her grave, close under the church wall, they planted a rose-tree and it stood full of blossoms; the nightingale sang over it, and from within the church the organ played the most beautiful psalms in the book that lay under head. And the moon shone right down upon the grave; but the dead one was not there; every child could fearlessly go there at night and pluck a rose, there by the church yard wall.

Church yard wall.
One that is dead knows more than all we living know; the dead know the dread we should feel at anything so strange as we should red at anything so strange as that they should come to us; the dead are better than we all, and so they do not come. There is earth over the coffin, there is earth in it. The psalm-book with its leaves is dust, the rose with all its associations has crumbled into dust; but above, fresh roses bloom—above the nightings is sized.

"No, Charlle," she said, at once. "Paps on the point of the area of the own powers of the many of the carried and the own beaded me, very still and silent; while the pitying darkness crept in and hid her face.

"I see the had been to see Walter off the face."

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"I see the had been to see walter off the face with see the see that the still through the see that the see that the still through the see that the see that the still through the see the still the see that the still through the see the still that the see that the still through the see the still the see that the still through the see that the still through the see the still the see that the still through the see the still the see the still through the see the still through the sti "It think my letter must have miscarried, Scot?" she asked, with a quiet wist falness; "don't you?"

"Oh, he would be sure to come," Scot said, looking quickly away from her face. "There was no placing dependence on foreign po ts."

"Suppose you were to write again?" proposed Pennie, deferentially.

That was exactly what he had been thinking. There must have been some mistake in the last address.

"Wouldn't it have come back in that case?" I suggested.

"Wouldn't it have come back in that case?" I suggested.

"We certainly ought not to expect it back so soon," he decided. But he would not wait for it; he would write sain, at once.

And after he had left us, I could not help.

And after he had left us, I could not help.

And after he had left us, I could not help.

"It is nonsense, Pennie," interrupted was toolate."

"This is nonsense, Pennie, in desperation, accept a situation you would be too proud to take in the country.

Working on a farm is much easier than the life of a city clerk, who must work twelve, fourteen, often sixteen hours a day, in close, dark rooms, year in and year out, always the same drudging life.

"You long to see life! Stay where you may misrable. Such misery is joy compared to the struggles, privations, desperation, accept as fluid to you would be too proud to take in the country.

Working on a farm is much easier than deleft alone to dit. Pesterday a case of this kind was reported to the Coroner. A young Chinaveman, who had been given us twelve, fourteen, often sixteen hours a day, in close, dark rooms, year in and year out, always the same drudging life.

"You long to see life! Stay where you may misrable. Such misery is joy compared to the struggles, privations, desperation, accept and left alone to dit. Pesterday a case of this kind was reported to the Coroner. A young chinave work twelve, fourteen, often sixteen hours a day, in close, dark rooms, year in and year out, always the same drudging life.

"You long to see life! Stay where you imagine yourself very misrable. Such misery is died, and was found last night. Coroner Litterman removed the body, and it is now at the Morgue awaiting the further action of the relatives, who will probably leave her to be disposed of by the city, as is generally their practice in all such cases. Many Chinamen—those of the wealthy classes—do not desert their dead friends, and for the furtherance of this desire there are several hospitals fitted up, in order that those about to die may be removed there until they have paid the debt

A wise man is never so much alone as when he is in a crowd, and never so much in a crowd az when he iz alone. ness among men than malice.

There iz no man in the world so easy

to cheat az ourselfs.

I don't know ov ennything that will kill a man so quick as praize that he don't